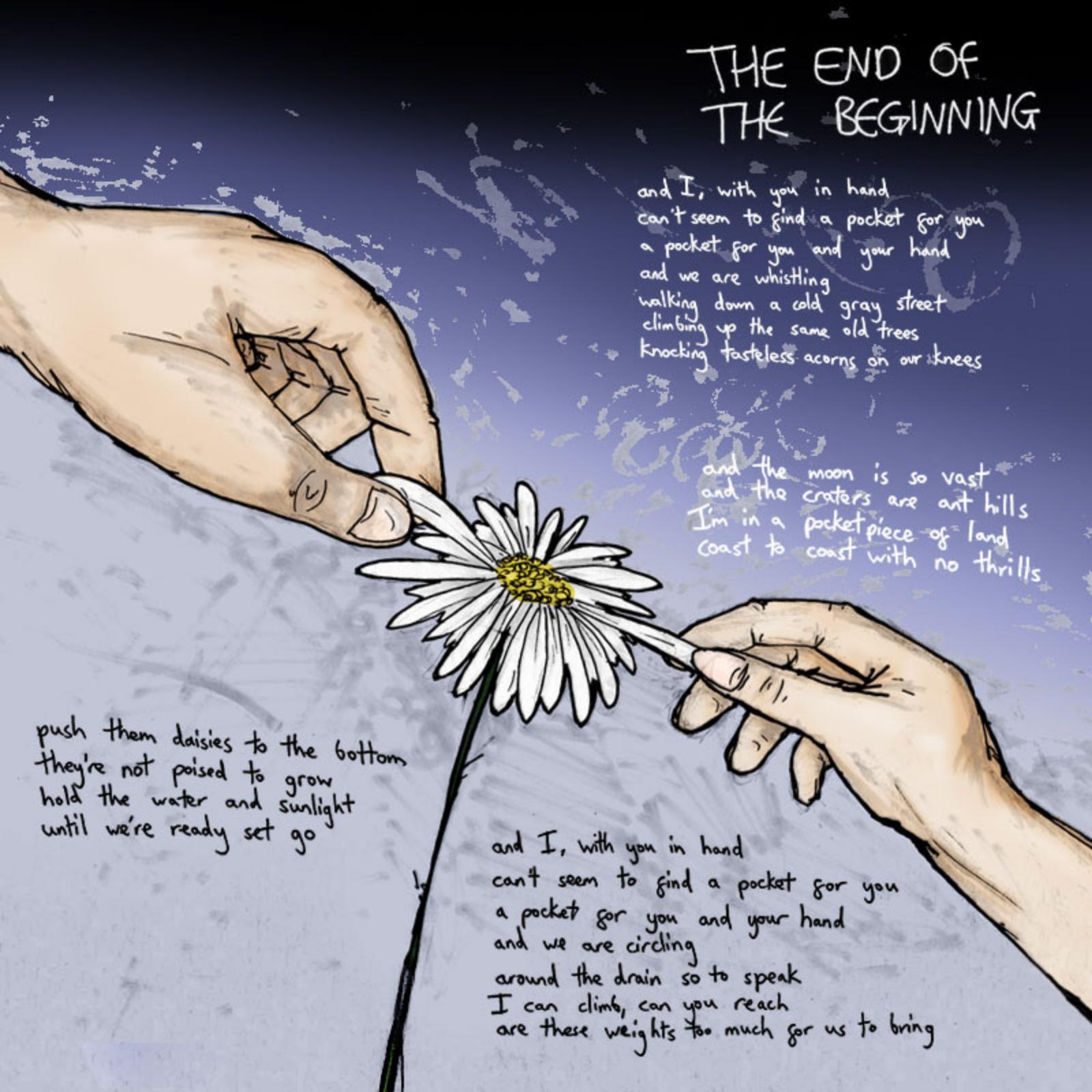


look at all the little gods  
all their lightning rods  
adjusting to their mess

look at all the little mice  
scared into playing nice  
we'll see who's laughing last

and i am here to destroy you

# THE END OF THE BEGINNING

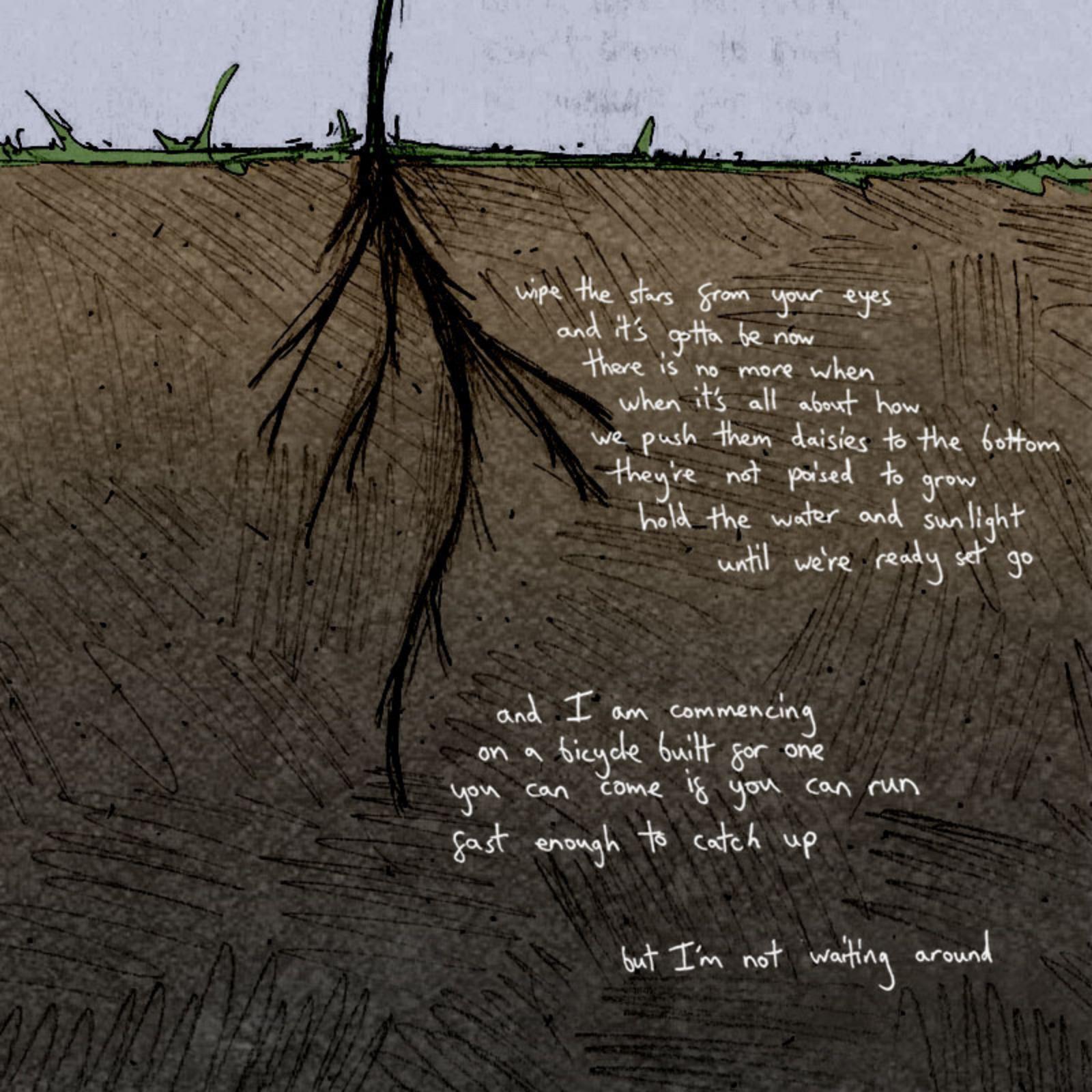
A hand with a textured, light-colored skin tone is shown from the side, holding a single daisy flower. The flower has a yellow center and white petals. The background is a dark blue with faint, light blue washes and a faint circular watermark in the upper right corner.

and I, with you in hand  
can't seem to find a pocket for you  
a pocket for you and your hand  
and we are whistling  
walking down a cold gray street  
climbing up the same old trees  
knocking tasteless acorns on our knees

and the moon is so vast  
and the craters are ant hills  
I'm in a pocket piece of land  
coast to coast with no thrills

push them daisies to the bottom  
they're not poised to grow  
hold the water and sunlight  
until we're ready set go

and I, with you in hand  
can't seem to find a pocket for you  
a pocket for you and your hand  
and we are circling  
around the drain so to speak  
I can climb, can you reach  
are these weights too much for us to bring



wipe the stars from your eyes  
and it's gotta be now  
there is no more when  
when it's all about how  
we push them daisies to the bottom  
they're not poised to grow  
hold the water and sunlight  
until we're ready set go

and I am commencing  
on a bicycle built for one  
you can come if you can run  
fast enough to catch up

but I'm not waiting around

I want to see the confidence.

A sincere confidence.

I want to go out on top.

I want the thousands and millions of people  
whose lives I've touched's last thought to be  
"I wish I was more like him."

Not that I know is saving a doomed world  
is even worth it. But it's what I want.

I can do it.

I can right the ship and fill the holes, and  
sail us into a perfect oblivion.

I've spent two decades + learning  
to prepare for more decades ahead,  
and now i only have one ~~f\*\*\*ing~~  
stinking year? How am i supposed  
to know what to do with a year?

Maybe i should do all the things  
i wanted to do. What did i want  
to do anyway? How sad is that,  
most people are setting out to  
finish their bucket list and i'm  
Scrambling to write mine.

Times like this i wish mom was  
still alive.

## PAINTING ON PAINTINGS

breaking away the way we wanna go  
painting on paintings like it won't matter anymore  
red wine lubricates the mind  
and I guess I was who I was waiting for  
call me jesus I have immaculate perception  
call me cartographer I have a map for course correction

## PAINTING ON SMILES

perception is an interesting thing  
like I perceive the ones who don't know what to bring  
as a parasite more than ever before  
"so I'm sorry but this is as far as we go"  
so ride along  
and smile on and keep those fucking banners down

disorder is a beautiful thing  
sometimes a little push is all that it needs  
do you have the dedication that I'm looking for  
"so sorry but I don't think I can perform"  
so ride along  
and smile on and keep those fucking banners down

ring all the things you claim to ne  
them to the ground  
then burn them all straight to hell  
other side for the bonus round



# SAVE THE IDIOTS, SAVE THE WORLD

I don't care where you all came from, bringing all of your bad news  
so I thought I'd share a quasi-philosophical advance with you  
bring yourself a flag to plant and  
bring yourself a bucket of paint to  
paint the sky the color of your eyes  
bridge the gap between the ticks of time  
tell it to your face like I'm glad to do

and I

I don't care where you all came from, bringing all of your bad Karma  
you're all imbeciles as far as I'm concerned, and I'm quite concerned  
bring yourself a drawing to hang  
by the threads of its author's hand and  
thread the needle of a drug you call your own  
grow like trees can't block your way to home  
tell it to your face like I'm glad to do  
you idiots are wasting time like it won't waste you too

Just about everyone's ruined everything. And  
I know I'm not alone in that opinion. With  
all the bullshit humans have had to go through,  
and to know we still don't have it right, it's  
infrustrating.

Between religion, war, politics, we are a  
cesspool of failure. And we've sat idly by  
and let the world pass us by without as much  
as a whimper.

Well, now, I'm going to scream. And I'll invite everyone along to scream with me.

Together we can save this world. At least for the time being.

# SNARES AND STRIPES

is this the opening to a movie  
is this the music someone uses when walking to the mound  
is this the ending of an important scene  
that I should remember the next time I'm around  
when the sky is galling in itself like a hand around a can  
of a man that's thirsty for just about everything else  
when the ground is rising up and I'm neck deep in dirt  
digging through the surface tension hoping to hear that sound

is that the pen to write the script  
about a guy who's got nothing left but his memories  
is that the pen to write the pilot  
of a future that I want so sincerely to be  
lemon wipe the stars from your eyes so I can place my own  
squares and circles and great things I've done and have come to know  
you'll have no choice but when you're turning to a crisp  
to cling to the idea that ideas like mine could possibly exist

is that snare about me  
should I stare across the  
plateaus of pedestrians crossing  
streets to get to streets that contain my beat in their steps  
that go 1, 2, 3, 4

I'd settle for just coming to a  
consensus with myself about what  
'myself' even is. That way at  
least i can say I was here  
and this is what i was when  
it's all over.

# AND A WORLD AWAY (PULSE PT. 1)

WHY NOW?  
WHY?  
WHAT DO YOU WANT?  
WHAT DO YOU NEED?  
WHAT DOES THAT  
WHERE IS IT MEAN?  
WHO WOULD?  
WHAT'S THAT NOISE?  
WHEN WOULD YOU DO THAT?  
WHO WILL THAT BE?  
WHAT ARE YOU?  
WHAT SHOULD I?  
WHAT WILL YOU DO?  
WHAT HAPPENED?  
HOW CAN I?  
WHO WAS THAT?  
ARE YOU SURPRISED?  
REALLY?  
IS IT JUST ME?  
WHY ME?  
WHY NOW?  
WHY FIERCE?  
DID YOU DO?  
DO HAVE I DANCE?  
WHO SAID I HAVE?

Do you HEAR IT NOW?

look around, your brothers are raising their girls  
can't help but feel like there's something I missed

and I am marching a long way  
should have been there yesterday  
better late than never they say  
so I guess that it is okay

do you hear me now?  
the sun is looking on your face

do you hear it now?

# SEVENTH GUESS

sit and tell me every little thing that you know  
I've been waiting for an hour to hear what you know

I'm a sponge in a tide and I'm thirsty for more  
are you qualified to make this sort of judgement call

let me tell you oh nevermind I don't know  
I've been meaning to oh nevermind I don't know

and another week goes by and I am plenty sore  
kiss my wounds better so I may hear some more

oh, well I guess you are  
just what I needed

do you feel me?

# HOME COOKING

when the cards stack up  
when the cards fall down  
reverse engineering on a familiar sound  
when the galsetto of a gable hits that certain pitch  
that leaves a resonating chill that'll linger with an itch

when the birds fly in  
when the trees come down  
home cooking always keeps us around  
when mother starts speaking you had better listen up  
to the words she is saying lest we fuck her mission up

when a bad man says bad things about the things that you love  
that leaves your ears ringing when push comes to push and shove

you can find me flirting with forever  
in a sequence that left me for the better  
and I don't care who finds me  
I have the luxury of me

Boys intimidate me. I think  
they're constantly judging me.  
All women too, but especially  
girls like me. People can  
smell that I'm different, I  
swear it. Even if I don't say  
a word to them.



When i feel especially insecure or anxious, i try to hide it. It's cyclical. I know the best way to conquer these feelings is to not let them get the best of me. So i focus all my energy on not letting all my anxiety spill into the real world.

And no matter ~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ how much i try to hide it, people always seem to know something's up. So i have to keep trying harder.

# IT'S A CORNER (PIECE/PEACE)

Songs on the radio that never appealed  
the rest of them followed and knew what to feel  
I'm repeating verses that I do not know  
lip syncing them while taking some notes  
rhythm's alright as is catching the beat  
but dancing in real life takes the wind out of me  
learning the steps of an uphill climb  
isn't as easy as learning to fly

and I know know know just what you think  
girl's gotta train that is pinker than pink  
that's just my way and you may not get it  
and neither do I so let's just forget it

I don't think eternal life is such a bad gig  
smoke all you want and see all the planets  
bring all your friends everywhere that you go  
leave the ones behind that'll step on your toes  
do you think everyone would want to come  
or just the ones dumb enough to follow along  
on second thought someone's gotta stay behind  
cause when they all die who will turn out the lights

## DO YOU HEAR IT NOW?

THE SOUND OF ALL THE THINGS THAT YOU HAVE COME TO LOVE  
CRUMBING LIKE PAPERCUTS AT THE SIGHT OF HARDENED MUD  
DID YOU FEEL THE PULSE ON THE RHYTHM'S WALL LIKE IT'S JUST FOR ME  
VIEWING ALL THE STIFF SOULS' BREATHS  
CLIMBING UP FROM POCKETS OF REST  
FINALLY SPRINGING FREE

and I say no no no you don't understand  
I could explain but then you would demand  
a better explanation one that has all the roots  
to this brutal excuse for me solving you

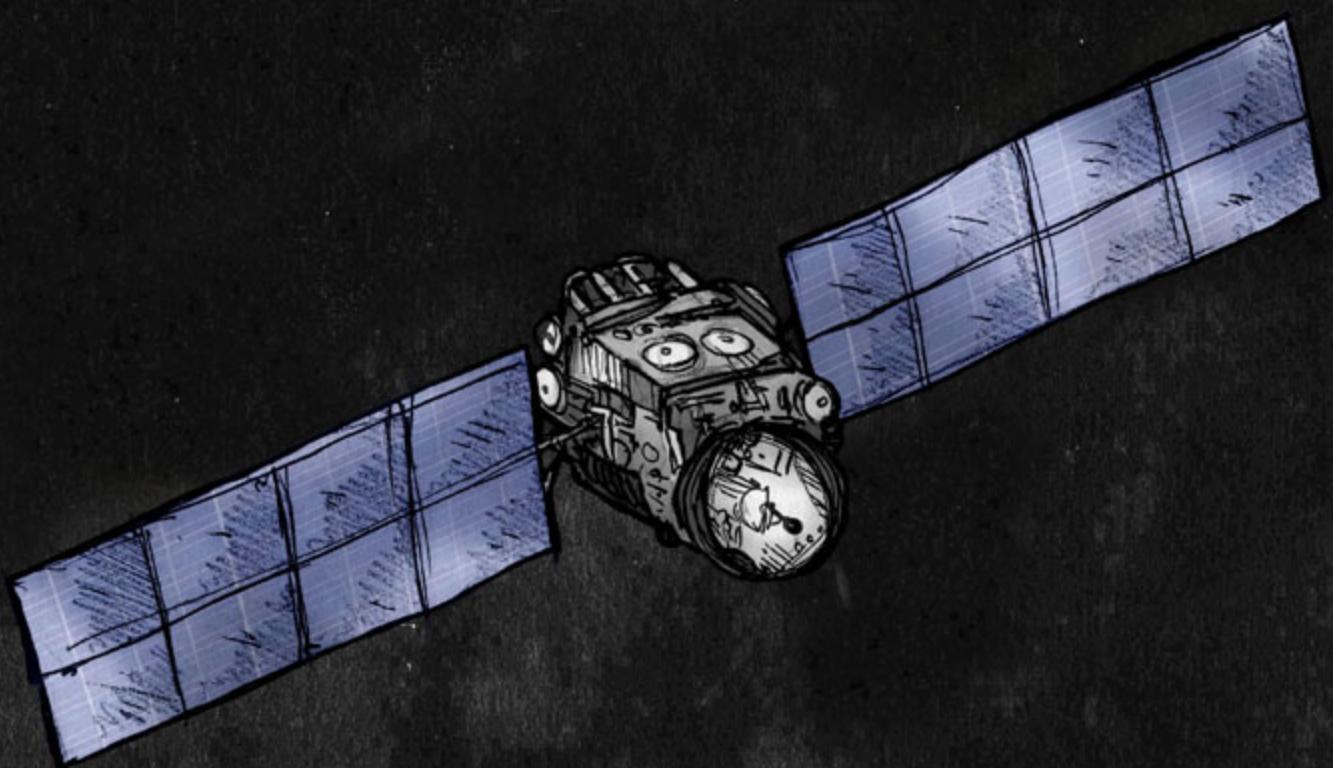
I met you while kissing a girl I hardly liked. My eyes should have been closed, but they just so happened to catch yours staring at us.

She stumbled off semi-soberly to get a bottle of water. You were embarrassed to have been caught staring. You were shy.

Some things never change.

What are the odds? We all know we are supposed to kiss with our eyes closed. I don't know why we know, but we know. So why didn't you?

Making sure you didn't miss anything, i guess.





## SHODDY LUCK

Wake up wake up she said  
let me hold your hand  
through the cold wet ground  
she dug until she found  
then he rolls his eyes front and makes a face  
don't you know hun that this is ,that this is the place  
where I belong

i know i know she said  
but let me argue it  
can you see the air  
can you taste the glare  
touch your nose to mine and smell the scents  
don't you recognize the essence of this mess and this  
where I belong

## LUCKY SHOT

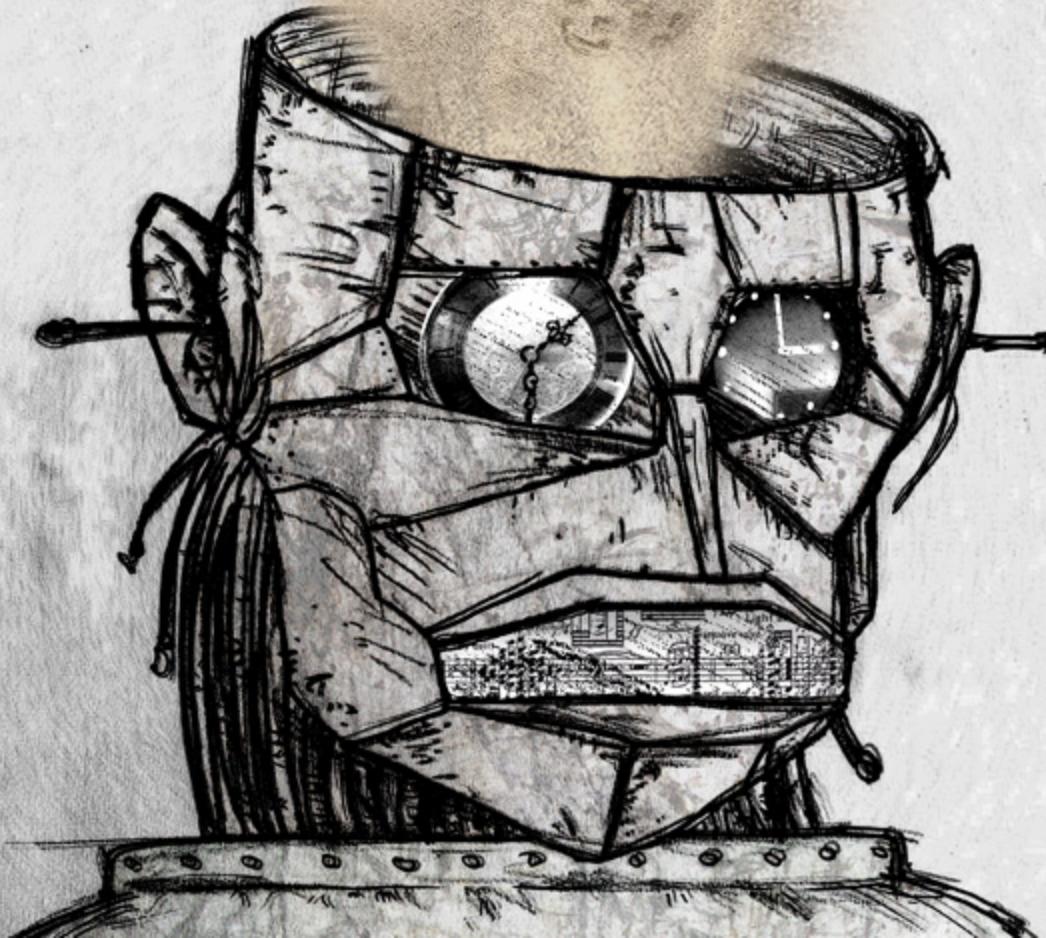
city lights like glitter in the dark  
prepping periscopes to seek a certain part  
puzzles and parallels to ignite certain sparks  
fireflies drawn in rain storms from a spoon  
in jars of jam emptied for experimental use  
a few stray satellites and footprints on the moon

and to think that all it takes

## CERTAIN SPARKS

branded them bottomless like a window to a core  
of a place where a face ignites a gear we can't ignore  
and we claimed that they couldn't be cured been diseased from the start  
of this race that we are all in to win to survive the rhythm's heart

stop now thinking how you might be different from the rest  
little gods with lightning rods adjusting to their mess  
trees soaked knees broke bullet bolts will be bouncing on broken glass  
they'll be exploding future moments that we once brewed in our flasks



# CLENCH BABY CLENCH

breathe baby breathe  
just enough time to be  
tasting salty air  
hope you don't mind  
I'm just passing by  
another cell needs repair

clench baby clench  
your fists and begin  
crawling up the stairs  
bring a flag to be safe  
in case a familiar fate  
brought someone else there

see baby see  
monkeys climb the trees  
just to see what's there  
memorizing the vine  
that they grabbed and they climbed  
puzzle piece that they won't share

clench baby clench  
your fists and begin  
sighting for the snares  
off in the distance  
battling the resistance  
to my almighty swear

We stood in line for an hour, surrounded by  
100 people. I tickled her tummy. She hates  
that. (She claims she does anyway. Giggles  
don't lie.) Then the door opened.

I've never seen a face go from glee to fear  
in no time flat. It startled me at first. The  
sea of people, it's current, started pulling us  
towards the entrance. But she didn't move.  
She just looked at me. Stared at me. I could  
see her eyes start to fill ~~up~~ with tears.  
I'll never forget that look. Something had gone  
wrong in her head. So I said nothing and  
grabbed her arm and pulled her back through  
the crowd, pushing people out of our way.

so why don't you need to be fixed  
you aren't perfect unless there's something I missed  
but maybe that's alright, I don't know

# BREATHE BABY BREATHE

breathe baby breathe  
I think he said to me  
clutching my arm like it'd be the death of me  
leaving imprints I'd later learn impressed me  
god forbid I make the mistake of wanting ecstasy

see baby see  
you're right here next to me  
in a car parked sixty feet away  
from the place  
where the music is played  
I wanted so bad but venues just always seem to get  
the best of me

step baby step  
I imagine he'd project  
if he saw me now  
and I can recollect  
the times he kept me safe  
from fairly far away  
from the world and its trees  
dropping leaves in your busy face

so like a big screw you  
wrapped in a big fat bow  
in a box wrapped in blue  
with a card that says  
no thanks, I'd rather go outside  
so I can take it with  
so I can take it in stride

Back in the parking lot, she hugged me  
and thanked me. To this day I don't  
understand exactly what happened.

get the best of me  
so the best of me  
can rest at ease  
if I please

I've spent the last year  
perfecting my psychology only to  
realize there is no perfection,  
only honing, a honing we can do  
as long as we're capable.

Because we never stop growing,  
changing, becoming something new.  
A constant evolution of humanity  
that cannot be pinpointed, labeled  
and named. Diving after yourself  
down a bottomless pit.

The closest thing i've come  
to is "being".

mom was wrong, i don't need  
to know everything, and neither  
did she. I wish i could tell  
her that.



free the witches inside your head  
break a spell of rain like you wanted to  
be the wind beside your hair  
reminding you to walk away from here

# PILLOWS AND STUFF

The pizza was on its way.  
We had ten minutes to get  
to your apartment and back.  
No time to lose!

We fetched your pillows and  
blankets, and ran three blocks  
to my place.

we don't care what they say  
we don't care who we keep waiting  
or if we have to crawl  
or if a pillow galls  
we'll put it back  
so just relax

we don't care what they want  
we don't care about what they'll flaunt  
in our pretty faces  
sealed in our cozy spaces  
we're invincible  
or so I'm told

we don't care what they say  
we'll push them daisies in the way  
of an oncoming bus  
it can't get the best of us  
if it's not as good  
and it's not as good

we don't care what they bring  
we don't care that the songs they sing  
say things like listen up  
you're not doing it right enough  
we've proved them wrong  
we still belong

Voice of a vintage record player being idle  
fractured thoughts in pictures of new pictures in a fire  
less is less likely to burn  
spent summer smelling scents of sex for a while  
girly things like hearts wings and big fat smiles  
look at what you have learned

We exited the elevator and  
ran as fast as we could. We  
giggled hysterically, but then  
giggles turned to blushes. The  
delivery guy was not amused.  
You suggested we don't tip him  
for "not being cool." I laughed,  
but gave him a nice tip  
anyway.

We tossed the pizza on the  
table and ignored it for hours.

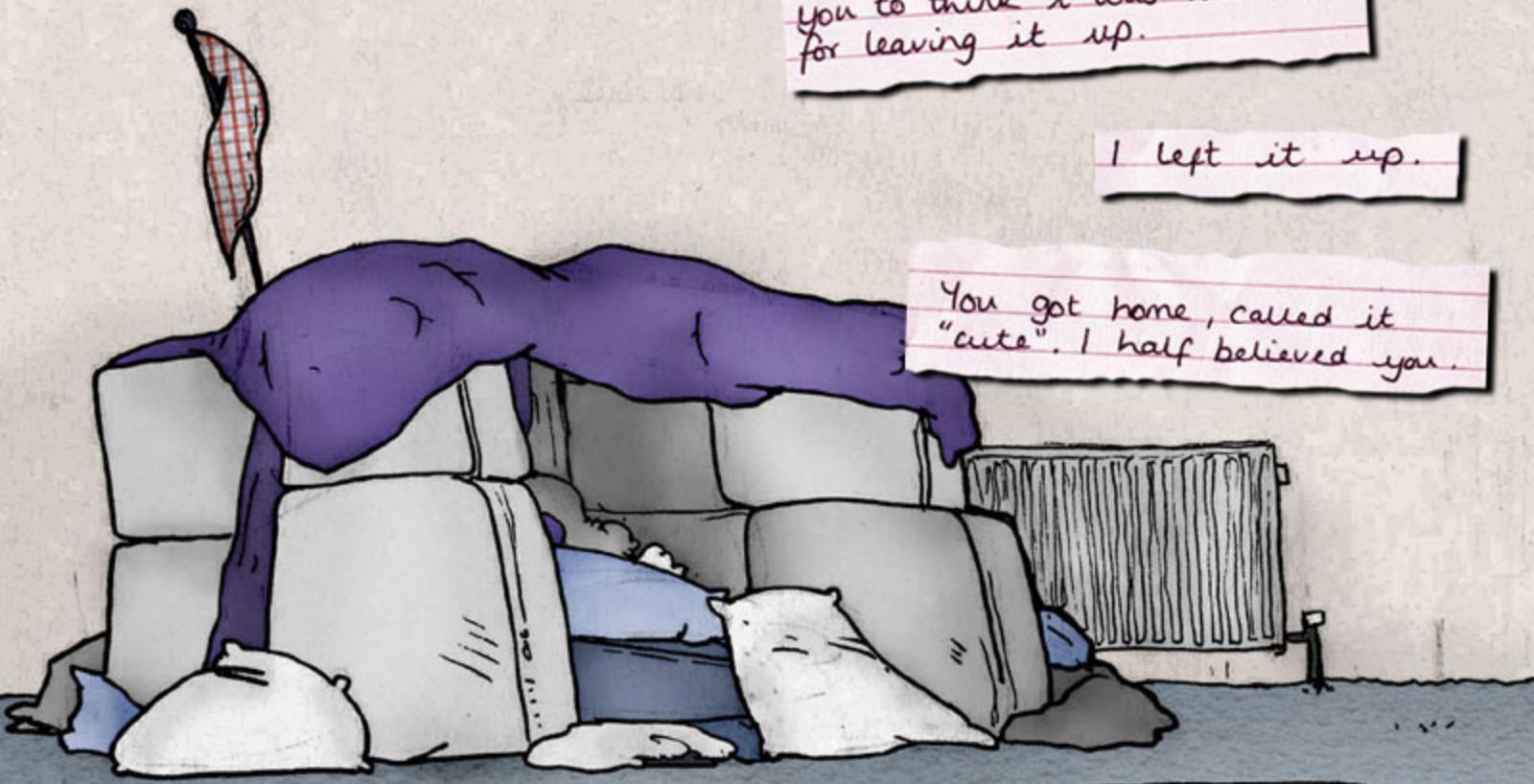
After an hour of perfecting... er,  
Sort of... the design of our  
impenetrable fortress, we celebrated  
with cold disgusting pizza.

It was exquisite. We soon fell  
asleep on the floor, hidden in  
our blanket fort from the world,  
uncomfortably comfortable in  
each other's arms.

The next morning i woke up and you'd gone to work. I spent the entire day not knowing if i was supposed to take the fort down. I didn't want to upset you by taking it down, and i didn't want you to think i was weird for leaving it up.

I left it up.

You got home, called it "cute". I half believed you.



We crawled back in through our secret entrance and rolled around. It wasn't the same. Funny how you can't recreate those moments, how quickly magic can disappear.



So here I am, waiting for the world to end, writing stories of forever ago, and I can't help but think... maybe I was wrong. Maybe I missed something important. That to err is human. And to human is beautiful.

I'm always going to be uncomfortable. And for the first time, I think I'm okay with it. I'll never grab running water and keep it's shape, and I'm okay with it.

Come to think of it, I suppose he's been in the back of my mind this past year. Sometimes in the front.

Sometimes I'd pretend he was watching me, just so I'd take another step forward. And now I've stepped to a place I want to be and never leave.

And I think, not coincidentally, I find myself thinking of him.

I look back on my time with her and smile at all the great times, and even more at all the stupid little things she did. Why was she so anxious all the time? What was she so scared of? Everything.

Everything.

And that's why I loved her. Because she embraced everything as it was and wasn't, on some plane of understanding I can't even comprehend.

Well, for the first time in forever, i think i'm ready. I'm ready for tomorrow because i've learned to live now. And i've got him to thank for that.

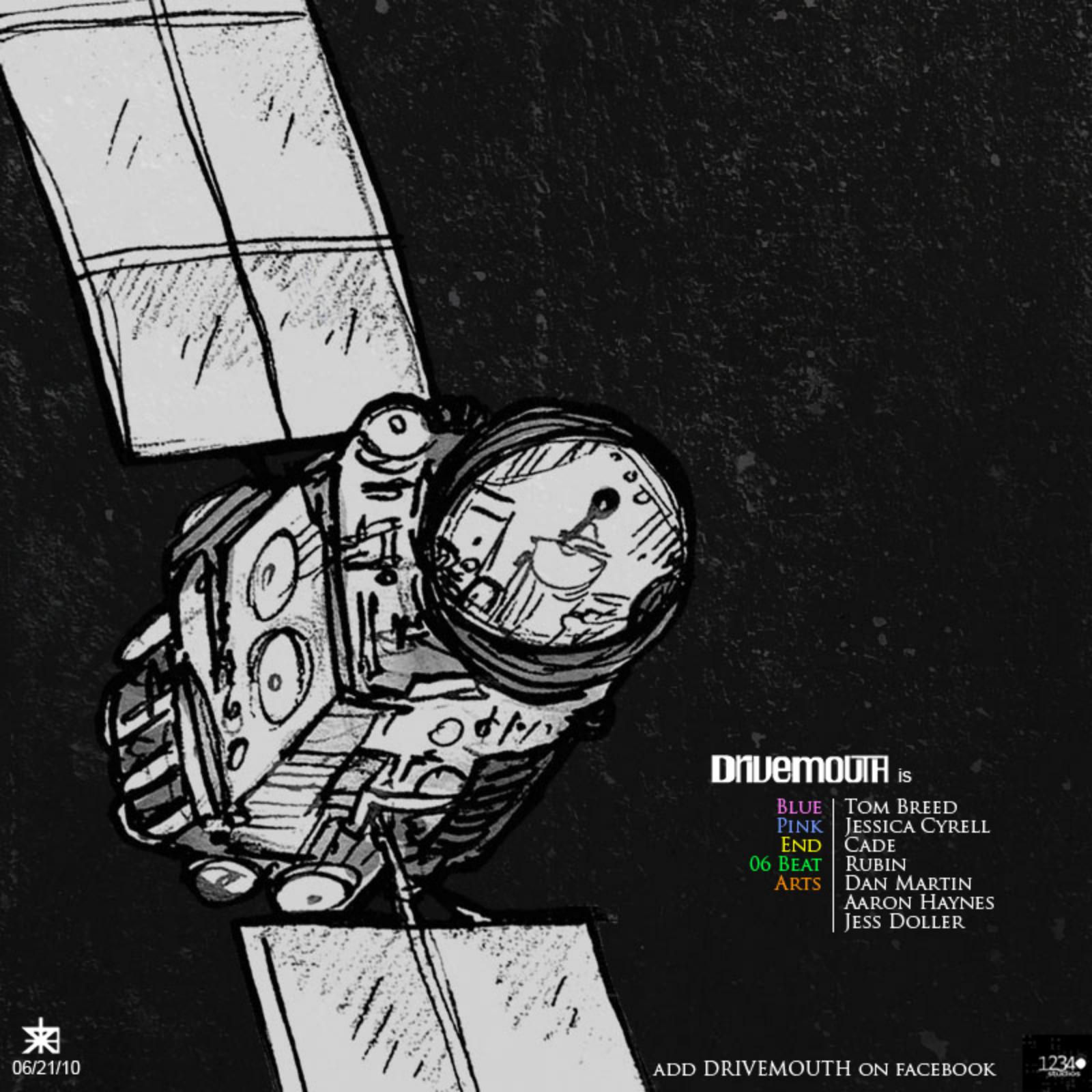
And me.

Maybe this world never needed saving. She showed me that. This is who we are, and it is not impossible to love us.

Hm.







## Drivemouth is

BLUE  
PINK  
END  
06 BEAT  
ARTS

TOM BREED  
JESSICA CYRELL  
CADE  
RUBIN  
DAN MARTIN  
AARON HAYNES  
JESS DOLLER



06/21/10

ADD DRIVEMOUTH ON FACEBOOK

1234